

# LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, June 24, 1807.

[No. 21.]

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### *Genius generally rewarded.*

SCARCE any thing is more arduous, and yet more important to the cause of religion, of literature, and truth, than a reformation in popular errors. Numberless opinions, which are sealed with the sanction of time, and the assent of many nations, have so entwined themselves with the fibers of the human heart, that nothing seems able to unbend their grasp. Wisdom and religion may brood in silence, over these delusions of the mind, but when once they hazard a violent and unsheltered attack, they are condemned and sacrificed as *damnable heretics*. Among the notions of this erroneous nature, I shall enrol that almost universally received opinion, that "Genius and Talents generally meet returns of ingratitude from the world, and are usually seen struggling with insufferable difficulties and distress." How often are we reminded in melancholy strains of the pitiable fate of illustrious characters!—How often are we told, that Plautus, the celebrated Latin bard was reduced to the disgraceful necessity of turning a mill for his daily livelihood. Boethius, the memorable sage of the fifth century, was condemned by the cruelty of a Gothic monarch, to expire in the gloomy recesses of a dungeon. Longinus, the philosopher of *Tadmor in the wilderness*, whose sublime productions have safely outridden the storms and the dangers of many centuries, was executed by the command of a Roman Emperor. And the immortal Cervantes,—who has long afforded a fund of humor to the laughing and scientific world, literally died of hunger.

Yet much might be said, and volumes might be written on the causes, which have produced and invigorated this affecting branch of human misery. We should find upon enquiry, that men of literature, in every age, have been *indebted* for their misfortunes, to the weakness and the folly of themselves rather than to the crimes of others. We should find, that poets, historians, and philosophers, have not only been subject to human frailties but oftentimes, in a preeminent degree.

A spirit of improvidence, a contempt of reflection, a headstrong ardor for ostentation, and an unpardonable ignorance of the economy of life, are frequent attendants in the train of Genius. Such was the case with the unfortunate Savage;—and had Savage been born a monarch, he would have died in jail. Such, too, was the character of the great Doct. Goldsmith. Untutored in the school

of industry or prudence, liberal without thought, and regardless of the cares of tomorrow, this illustrious personage endeavored to rise in a sphere, in which no mortal can move and prosper. The pains of an appetite, which demanded satisfaction, the continual knocking of an injured creditor at his gate, or the view of poverty in distress, were alone sufficient to rouse him into action.

When the calls of immediate necessity were answered, and the wants of the present moment, no longer stared him in the face, he again sunk into the slumbers of indolence, and drowed away his hours in thoughtless stupidity. It was in one of the intervals of want, that Death called at his door,—and, (as might well be expected) found him a beggar.

If such had been the character of Pope and Swift,—such likewise, had been their fate. Had Hume been an idler and a spendthrift, he might actually have lived and died an obscure and ignorant pedagogue, in a paltry region of the Hebrides. Had Gibbon that brilliant star in the literary heavens, which has cast a lustre on the expiring ages of Roman Grandeur, disregarded the grosser concerns of the body, while he attended to the culture of the intellect; his delightful retreat at Lausanne, might have mouldered in ruins, in the hands of its original possessor. That a barbarous people in a barbarous age, have deafened their ears to the tale of Genius in distress, can by no means, be denied. Homer was blind, and naked, and forgotten; Socrates closed a life of piety, of philosophy, and usefulness, by a bowl of hemlock; and Galileo, a memorable improver of modern science, was persecuted without feeling or mercy. But in such a period of light and literature as the present,—when civilization and refinement have arisen almost to their highest eminence of perfection, superior talents will force their way into the world, and command veneration and respect.

Not only the peaceful and refined—but even barbarians, heroes, and conquerors, have often stooped short in the full career of plunder, of fame, and of conquest, and bowed down at the feet of wisdom, and paid her homage.

When Thebes was laid waste by the Macedonian hero, when the temples of the Gods, and the palaces of the rich were buried in ashes, and every being was devoted on the altar of slavery or death, the miserable hut of *Pindar*, was the only monument that remained unhurt amid the ruins.

When the conquering armies of *Augustus* had smiled upon the last struggles of Roman freedom, and returned from the toils of the camp, to fatten on the wealth of Italy,—the bard of Mantua, was preserved, by special

favor, from lawless depredation. When an Arabian robber was informed, that Tasso was the companion of a wealthy caravan, withdrew his hand from a plunder which was already within his grasp. *Tasso* was a friend to *Science*, armed with the shield of *Minerva*, he blunted the dagger of the *Affassin*.

### *History, Nature and dignity of MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 79.)

HAVING taken a very cursory view of the history of music down to the present century, let us devote a few thoughts, to the nature of this wonderful art.

When we consider that there are only ten simple notes, with the addition of five flats or sharps, one would think at a glance, it impossible that such an infinite variety could be produced from so small a beginning—but a mathematician will tell you, that upon the principle of variation—the number is not to infinite; the mind may progress with the rapidity it pleases, the end is at a distance the field is expanding and the inventive talent may fly from charm to charm, nor fear want of sufficient scope for the broadest imaginations of genius, till it is lost in perfection.

The fine imitative arts, Music, Painting and Poetry, are joined by most writers on the subject. But this has undoubtedly led to error. The Painter copies the superficial and thereby, makes the canvass speak the pathetic language of the countenance. The Poet arranges numbers in beautiful analogy with the flights of imagination. The Musician, by considering, his art as imitative of the same manner, may, as is too often the case, run into a grovelling style of imitation which may be pronounced not only an error in taste, but gross imposition on human understanding.—It is true there are some things imitable by music,—For example—the solemn movement of an embattled legion. Handel has demonstrated in his feast of *Antony*, in which the mind is driven through all the variety of hope of victory—true bravery, order and discipline—fear of death from the formidable appearance of the enemy; and in fact, all that cloud of inexpressibles, attendant on a battle, which is to decide the fate of empires:—The mind is roused through all this variety with a rapidity inconceivable.

A music thunder-cloud may be the full of imitation—the rolling of the ocean, many other sublime scenes;—but when such imitation has succeeded, it has been the hand of a master, and performed by instruments only, and by different instruments for the various parts of the plan. To



## LITERARY TABLET.

tempt the jumping of a squirrel, the flying of a swallow, or the hobbling of a cripple, would be insufferable.

The only imitation there can be in vocal music, consists in copying the elegant flights of fancy, in a manner never designed to wear the stamp of language; and to produce this, there are two capital principles in the nature of music to be attended to, viz. Melody and Harmony.—Melody is the arranging of notes in succession, in that delightful manner, which steals into the inmost recesses of the soul.—Harmony is the adjustment of different parts at certain distances, so as to produce a pleasing sensation, by a something, which, for want of a better term, I call sympathy.—The organs of hearing are made to answer the tones of the most complex musical instrument, and indeed of every instrument in concert; but how, and in what manner this is, can never be known: all that can be said is—the hand of Omnipotence made them, and the eye of Omniscience is alone able to trace the delicate texture.

Whether the stories we are told, respecting the medicinal powers of music are true in the cure of the Tarantula's bite, I will not pretend to decide: but when we take into view the connexion between the human constitution and the mind which enlightens it, may we not fairly infer, that much advantage might be derived to the healing art by the application of this charming cordial?—How often do we see the most inveterate diseases brought on, and incurably fixed, by the corroding hand of sorrow and affliction. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that the early and skillful application of music to such patients would have operated as a panacæ, and lighted up the crimson of health in the wan cheek of disease, and wiped the tear of grief from the distorted visage of distress. It is a fine diffusable spirit—may I call it the electricity of the soul, which instantly pervades the whole system; and I appeal to every one, who possesses a keen gust for this nectar, if he has not felt its exhilarating influence. But the richest quality in the nature of music, consists in its power of exciting reverential ideas of the Almighty, in the temple of his holiness. But this leads us to contemplate the dignity of music.

Ages rolled away after music became a profession, before any one dared to apply it to any other purpose than to religious exercises. The temples of Isis and Osynis, in Egypt, were probably the sources from whence Moses derived his instruction; who afterwards taught it to the tribes of Israel as they wandered in the desert to the land of promise.—It does not appear that the Grecians ever used music in any other way, till Macedonia's maniac at a stroke dethroned every deity but Bacchus; to whose ponderous tune he finally sacrificed himself. Josephus tells us that the number of musicians attendant on the temple in king Solomon's time exceeded 100,000. This opens to our view, one of the

most sublime scenes recorded in ancient story—A rehearsal of which, must certainly give no small idea of the true dignity of our subject. There are many of the Psalms which have the title of "songs of degrees"—the meaning is this:—There were a number of broad steps which led up to the porch of the temple; and the band of musicians, with instruments in their hands, all arranged in their order, stopped, and performed one of these divine songs upon each of these steps. What a solemn awe must it impress upon the mind! A whole nation assembled in front of the most magnificent building the world ever beheld—the procession formed, moves with solemn step to the lower glacis, then from innumerable voices, accompanied by every instrument then known, is heard—"Come let us go up to the house of the Lord." The imagination kindles, and they move on to the second, the third, and through the whole series, till with gratitude, penitence, humility, reverence, adoration and thanksgiving, they approach the altar; where with hearts bursting with devotion, they receive from Jehovah an answer of peace!

Can any one who is acquainted with these facts, object to the use of musical instruments in religious worship? One would suppose that such a thought must raise a blush on the iron visage of superstition itself: If there be such an one, let him enquire of the inspired writers and particularly of the royal musician; and from them he may learn that no good being was ever offended with instruments applied to sacred music; but, on the other hand, we find an evil spirit well intrenched in the heart of Saul, attacked and routed by no other battering train than a single harp. It is the abuse of instrumental music which has lessened its dignity—the instruments are free from blame; they were most of them invented for the noblest purposes; but, alas! folly has perverted their original design—but yet, however, would it not be absurd to consign them to the flames? Would it not be unpardonably wicked to cast away the volume of *sacred writ*, because the Church of Rome made use of it to sanction her horrid policy and bloody persecution.

(To be continued.)

### SELECTIONS.

#### CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

THAT mingled good and evil which pervades all the principles and events of this world, confounds the reasonings of the most considerate, and perplexes the desires of the most sagacious. The dull monotony of common place sensations, which indicates rather the absence of want of feeling, than the lively activity of vigorous sentiment, may wear away life with little occasion of self reproach, but with still less of self-gratulation: it is like the relaxed wire of an instrument, which though struck by a master's hand, and though it may be seen to vibrate, yields no percep-

tible note: it is like the stagnant pond whose waters however impelled preserve their dead level, and having no outlet indicate no tendency but that of regaining their equilibrium in the shortest time possible. Who wishes to resemble such characters?

But the opposite extreme has disadvantages equally dangerous. A mind easily agitated, a rapid and lively conception, a creative fancy, a vigorous intellect, an extensive comprehension of objects, a just appreciation of their excellencies: whatever constitutes genius, whatever manifests taste, whether it dazzle in the blaze of elocution, or astonish in the thunder of rhetoric, alas, it is accompanied by passions so violent, and propensities so overbearing, that like a wire overstretched, the slightest vibration snaps it: like a cataract, it rushes with accumulating velocity adown that precipice whence it falls into the fathomless gulf below.

The province of Education is, to correct the imperfections of nature, to impart a modest confidence to the timid, by a conviction of competent ability: but to check the fallies of the vehement, and to restrain the advances of the forward: to prevent passion from getting the start of reason, and to gain time for attention to the gentle admonitions of prudence. It is the placid Minerva, who descends from heaven to restrain the violent Achilles;

While half unsheath'd appears the glittering blade,  
She whispers soft, his vengeance to control,  
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

What then is the situation of that youth who deriving from nature intellectual powers of no ordinary description, with all that eagerness of temper which accompanies them, has never been benefited by the soothing lessons of education, but inflamed by parental indulgence; never taught to pause, and by pausing to detect and abandon error, but impelled by native impetuosity, and flattering himself that all is well, he boldly perseveres till the brink of the precipice sinks beneath his feet,

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

The errors of genius are notorious as well as lamentable, and ever will the superficial inspector wish, and repeat his wishes, for a combination of the virtues attendant on mental powers of the first order—without their vices. IT IS OTHERWISE ORDAINED: various causes may promote one and restrain the other, but an entire separation is not to be expected, till

Earth repossesses what to man she gave,  
And the free spirit mounts on wings of fire.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. He was born Jan. 13, O. S. 1749. His father early discovered in him striking tokens of genius and abilities, and being himself in office, his son was gradually initiated into the management of business, and saw at least the



routine of it, in his boyish days. There are not wanting those who affirm that he read his father's despatches, at the same period as he amused himself with spinning his top; and that, on one occasion, after having perused a very long letter written with Lord Holland's own hand, he discovered his opinion of its contents by committing it to the fire!—His father, who never contradicted him, and possibly too was sensible of the justness of the verdict, patiently wrote another. Lord Holland was esteemed a sagacious character; but, of what advantage was parental sagacity, if he never controled the excentricities of those to whom its admonitions were due? Tutors and governors indeed were called into attendance, but self-government was an accomplishment which young Fox never learned. Whatever could be purchased from hirelings was purchased: but how small a proportion of the complete gentleman can hireling instruction communicate?

The temper of Charles was forward, predominant, vehement; at the same time it was open, candid, and manly. He was thought fit to take the lead, and the lead he readily took. His opinion was expected, and he frankly gave his opinion. All were supposed to notice him, and he dashed into notice, *ex animo*. He was educated at Westminster and at Eton, where he obtained distinction: his studies were not severe: his happy genius, and retentive memory, enabled him to acquire advantages for which others are beholden to labor. From Eton he went to Oxford, where his stay was not long: whence, his father, impatient to behold him a man of consequence, sent him over Europe, to make what was called the Grand Tour. There can be no doubt, but many advantages attended that rational intercourse with continental courts, and foreign statesmen, which was offered by the Grand Tour. It afforded many opportunities of observation, it admitted those who were capable of profiting by the privilege to an insight into the characters of men, and they were usually men of ability, whose manner of discharging the duties of their important employments, was well calculated to impress and improve the youthful mind. But it also afforded opportunities of the most flagrant licentiousness, and being performed at that period of life, when the blood boils in the veins of youth: it became the means by which many thoughtless English heirs were ruined in body, mind, and outward estate. Among this number was Charles Fox, who had disencumbered himself of his patrimony before he had attained the age of manhood. Precocious in every thing, a fribble to excess in dress, and appearance, an adventurer without reserve, at dice and cards; always a leader, and usually a loser too. The last bill drawn on Lord Holland, by his sons, was from Naples, for a debt of honor, value 36,000*l*. Nor could they stir till this was paid.

(To be continued.)

#### AVARICE.

When any man has sunk into a state of insensibility like this, when he has learned to act only by the impulse of apparent profit, when he can look upon distress without partaking it, and hear the cries of poverty and sickness without a wish to relieve them; when he has so far disordered his ideas as to value wealth, without regard to its end, and to amass, with eagerness, what is of no use in his hands; he is, indeed, not easily to be reclaimed; his reason, as well as his passions, is in combination against his soul, and there is little hope that either persuasion will soften, or arguments convince him. A man, once hardened in cruelty by inveterate avarice, is scarcely to be considered as any longer human; nor is it to be hoped that any impression can be made upon him, by methods applicable only to reasonable beings. Beneficence and compassion can be awakened in such hearts only by the operation of Divine Grace, and must be the effect of a miracle like that which turned the dry rock into a springing well.

#### PRIDE.

A superior being that should look down upon the disorder, confusion and corruption of our world, that should observe the shortness of our lives, the weakness of our bodies, the continual accidents or injuries to which we are subject, the violence of our passions, the irregularity of our conduct, and the transitory state of every thing about us, would hardly believe there could be among us such a vice as pride, or that any human being should need to be cautioned against being too much elated with his present state. Yet so it is that, however weak or wicked we may be, we fix our eyes on some other that is represented by our self-love to be weaker, or more wicked, than ourselves, and grow proud upon the comparison. Thus, in the midst of danger and uncertainty, we see many intoxicated with the pride of prosperity; a prosperity that is hourly exposed to be disturbed, a prosperity that lies often at the mercy of a treacherous friend, or unfaithful servant, a prosperity which certainly cannot last long, but must soon be ended by the hand of death.

#### MERRIMENT.

Sir Joseph Mawbey rising once in the House of Commons to reprobate the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, expressed his astonishment that two men, who had for so many years been in the habit of opposing and reviling each other, should have the confidence to appear in that house as friends—"but such friends, so very dear are they to each other," added he, pointing to a stick which Lord North held in his hand, "that his lordship will not walk without a stick with a *Fox's head* carved on it." On this Lord North instantly rose—"I am sorry, very sorry," said he, "to find that the worthy baronet, who has just sat down, should have spent his life and employed his great

talents in the study of subject which it seems he does not yet understand; that he should have passed so many years in the *education of pigs*, and yet should not know a *fox's head* from a *hog's*." His lordship then handed round his cane, on which a pig's head was carved, and the senate was convulsed with laughter.

A short time before Mr. Garnerin ascended into the atmosphere with his balloon, a countryman asked Mr. Cumberland if there was any truth in the report that a man was going to fly into the air? "Why truly, my friend, (replied the veteran bard) I cannot justly inform you: for it is a rule with me never to give credit to *inflammatory rumors* and *flying reports*."

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when marshal Wade and the two generals Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing so far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines written by Mr. Home, the celebrated author of the Rebellion in 1745, were handed about among the friends of the opposite party:

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,  
"Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

An Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, "what a fine show of potatoes." "Yes, they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you call them in your country?" "Ah, fait!" returned the Irishman, "we never *call* 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

It is well known, as a custom in many churches, that the women are placed in pews on one side, and the men by themselves, opposite. A clergyman, in the middle of his sermon, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up, and thinking to defend her own sex, said, "The noise is not on our side, reverend sir." So much the better, my good woman: replied the clergyman, so much the better: it will cease the sooner."

#### ERRATA.

In Tablet No. 20, 2d page, 3d col. 6th line from the top, for 'modulations of,' &c. read modulations to, &c.—3d page, 2d col. 4th line from bot. of the piece, for 'is the most sublimely,' read is there most, &c.

No. 21, 1st page, 3d col. 24th line from the top, instead of 'the Poet arranges numbers,' read 'the Poet arranges his numbers,' &c.—3d col. 7th line from the bottom, for 'A music thunder-cloud,' read 'A majestic thunder-cloud.'

Those indebted for the Tablet are requested to make payment.



## SELECTED POETRY.

ON SEEING THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. ALEX.

LAMELLIERE, NOV. 23, 1797.

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ.

*The celebrated Irish Orator.*

Behold the mournful train appears,  
In sad procession flow ;  
Whose lengthened sighs and falling tears  
Bespeak the heartfelt woe :

For see, beneath that fable pall,  
Extended on that bier,  
Lie the remains the earthly all,  
Of youthful Lamelliere.

And is he gone ? relentless Death !  
Could nothing stay thine hand ?  
Must his, like *every common breath*,  
Obey thy stern command ?

If merit could exempt from thee,  
Wit, genius, learning, worth ;  
Our much-lov'd pastor should not be  
Thus early snatch'd from earth :

Those lips, whence sacred truth, good sense,  
And soft persuasion flow'd,  
With graceful, manly eloquence,  
Might still their powers have show'd.

That heart which felt for others' woe,  
Where meek-ey'd Pity sweet,  
And heav'n-born Charity did glow,  
Should not have ceas'd to beat :

But none, oh Death ! thy power can fly,  
In vain we shed the tear ;  
We know 'tis vain, yet ev'ry eye  
Must weep for Lamelliere.

His friends bewail a treasure lost :  
The sickly sufferer,  
The poor, and those by sorrow crost,  
A soothing comforter.

His father ! hold, my trembling hand,  
Seek not to paint that woe,  
Which feeling hearts may understand,  
But words can never show.

A while to his associates lent,  
Towards Heav'n to point the way ;  
To all, a bright example sent,  
Scarce shown, when snatch'd away.

Thus have we seen in awful night,  
A meteor through the sky  
Shed all around refulgent light,  
Then vanish from the eye.

Though quickly gone, nor left a trace,  
To mark its pathless way ;  
Still Mem'ry can pourtray its place,  
And fancy see it play.

So will we think on Lamelliere,  
Recall his precepts sweet ;  
His name shall to our hearts be dear,  
While Mem'ry holds her seat.

Blest youth, adieu ! thy rich reward,  
The bliss that ne'er can cloy,  
Receive from thy approving Lord,  
"Go, enter in his joy."

## VERSES

*Written among the ruins of Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, Barracks.*

Mark, where yon ample roofs, now sinking all  
In shapeless ruin, seem prepar'd to fall :  
As the wild tempest thro' the casement pours  
And floods autumnal drench the mould'ring  
floors—

Or loosen'd plaster from the ceiling falls,  
While echo then resounds along the walls :  
While the shrill winds around the fabric sing,  
Where Desolation cowers with sombrous wing,  
And pensive Silence, musing o'er the scene,  
Suspends her step, the pausing blasts between.

Are these the domes that held the warrior  
train—

The gallant band that fill'd yon spacious plain !  
That level plain, that form'd a long parade :  
Now by the plowshare turn'd, and toiling spade,  
Where glitter'd once, in rows, the beaming  
spears,

Oft the ripe harvest waves its yellow ears ;  
And where the loud *reveille* wak'd the day,  
The lonely redbreast trills his matin lay.

No more the echoing gun proclaims the dawn,  
Or tells the radiant orb of day withdrawn.  
The loud impetuous drum no more we hear ;  
Nor the shrill fife, pervade the attentive ear.  
No longer now across the wave is borne,  
The mellow music of the deep-ton'd horn ;  
When Silence hover'd o'er the glassy stream,  
When glitter'd on its breast the moon-light  
beam ;

Sweet rose the sounds in air, and softly stole,  
O'er the charm'd senses, to the inmost soul.  
As swell'd the notes—then gradual sunk again,  
Enamour'd Echo caught the dying strain ;  
By distance soften'd every silver tone.  
And Night, enchanted, made them all her own.

## THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the  
wars,

And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,  
What matter'd my zeal, or my honored scars,  
What indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was  
well lin'd

Show'd a different aspect to me,  
And when I could nought but indifference  
find,

I hied once again to the sea.  
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,  
To bear with cold looks on the shore,  
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,  
And a trifle alas ! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw,  
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,  
For when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
And Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in  
tow,

I'd let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds, and the billows  
could show  
More kindness than they did to me.

## THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet and lilly fair,  
The dappled pink and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath ;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day ;  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest, at ev'ning, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colors past ;  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any muse's tongue could speak,  
When from its lid a pearly tear,  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well ;  
My love ! my life ! said I, explain  
This change of humour : pray thee tell :  
That falling tear.—What does it mean ?

She sigh'd, she smil'd ; and to the flowers  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :  
See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder, what a change is made !

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,  
And that of beauty are but one :  
At morn both flourish bright and gay,  
Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone !

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;  
The am'rous youth around her bow'd :  
At night her fatal knell was rung !  
I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud :

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,  
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :  
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display  
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF FIVE MINUTES.

*A prose story versified, with additions.*

At the court of king Francis the first, we are  
told,  
To crack jokes on a lord, his buffoon had made  
bold,  
Who swore by his wife (let us hope by a good  
one)  
He'd cut off the head of king Francis' Jack  
Pudding.  
The buffoon told his king what his lordship had  
said,  
As he firmly believ'd he would cut off his head ;  
"Aye, aye," said the king, between anger and  
laughter,  
"If he does, Jack, I'll hang him up five min-  
utes after."  
"You'd oblige me, great fire," said the jester,  
"much more,  
"If you'd hang up his lordship, five minutes be-  
fore !"

HANOVER, (N. H.)  
Published BY M. DAVIS.